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THE QUEENS ROSARY
BY ALICE DAVIS VAN CLEVE



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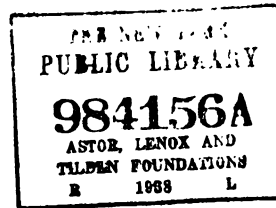
THE QUEEN'S ROSARY

THE QUEEN'S ROSARY AN
ACROSTIC SIXTY SONNETS
CELEBRATING AN EVENT
OF EACH OF SIXTY YEARS
OF THE MOST GLORIOUS
REIGN IN HISTORY 
BY ALICE DAVIS VAN CLEVE



NEW YORK R. H. RUSSELL MCMII

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**TO THE MEMORY
OF
QUEEN VICTORIA**

WQR 19 FEB '36

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I



ICTORIA! what quick prophetic power
Inspired your sponsors, that the chosen name
Compassed the rounded splendour of a fame
That proves oracular the christ'ning hour!

Of those green lands, wherein or court or tower
Rang ne'er to clank of alien steel since came
Invincible your Norman sires, you claim
A still unconquered nation as your dower.
Regal the heritage, yet more than pride
Ephemeral, of pomp and circumstance;
Greater than rank or wealth, the gauds of chance,
Is virtue, crowned by length of days that glide
Noiseless, serene; the just inheritance
Alone of those who in God's grace abide.

The Accession. 1837-1838. Acrostic, **VICTORIA REGINA**

II



Tis the time when dewy English
bowers

And lanes, grown languorous

'neath the close caress

Of lingering June, breathe forth
their wreathed excess

Of fragrance from a luxury of
flowers :

And yet no rose, gem-crowned by gentle showers,

Lifts to the fanning air more loveliness

Than England's queen, the fresh May bloom excrese

From out the tree, whose grateful shade o'ertowers

Her peaceful isles ; whose roots, deep intergrown,

Absorb the essences, ethereal, fine,

Of patriot blood, spilled for its nourishment,

O'er every rood of English soil. Her throne

Is in her people's hearts, her right divine,

The loyal love that hails her Heaven-sent.

The Coronation. 1838-1839

III



ROWNED triply, with the dia-
dem of state
And youth's slight silver fillet,
loosely wound
Beneath the coronal by Hymen
bound
About the blue-veined brows. No
rarer fate

Can life reserve, for lowly or for great,
Than love returned, and when, as here, 't is found
Joined with fruition of all hopes, hedged round
By constant truth, desire is satiate.
Most royal lovers! Still your crescent heat
Waxed each towards each, till orb'd into a sphere
Of temperate, changeless light, whose beams evolved
From deathless elements, can ne'er deplete
Till kingdoms, thrones, earth, heaven itself, are mere
Spent dust upon the drift of worlds dissolved.

The Queen's Marriage. 1839-1840

IV



HE nightingale that, from a forest
tree,
Has trilled the tranced night to
calm profound,
Teaching her fledgling some
quaint trick of sound,
Knows not the silence of the
flower-strewn lea
Is tribute to her song's rare minstrelsy.
Through arched and blazoned casements, ivy-crowned,
Through half-closed cottage lattice, floats a sound
That wakes responsive to its melody
The hearts of English mothers. 'T is the sweet
Low crooned cradle-song, so long unheard
Within the palace walls; and she, the good,
The gentle queen, like Philomel, replete
With rapture, dreams not how her realm is stirred,
While list'ning to that psalm of motherhood.

Birth of H.R.H. The Princess Royal. 1840-1841

V



F opiate pleasures she has set
aside
The flagon from her lips, and
stoops, to slake
Her thirst, at rills of limpid joys
that wake
Among Arcadian glades, in rip-
pling tide;

Pure, fresh'ning springs, from which the lowliest bride
In Albion's briar-wreathed vales may take
Unstinted measure; and calm pools, that make
Cool coverts where content and peace abide.
The violet shadows of her mantle rest,
In purple splendour, o'er the baby grace
Of England's heir. His soft curl's sunbeam hue
Is like the broom that waved o'er Geoffrey's crest
And, in the blush-rose fairness of his face
The warring roses their stilled strife renew.

Birth of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. 1841-1842

VI



INGS out no more the slogan's
echo shrill,
No more war's blood-dyed portent,
meteor bright,
Flashes in lurid flame from height
to height :
But soft the pibroch's throbbing
notes from hill

And distant glen, with wild, sweet welcome, thrill
The soul of hapless Mary's heir, who, light
Of heart, to her own clan returns. The rite
Of ancient custom greets her home, and still
More holy voice of kindred love that glows
Warm 'neath the tartaned breasts. Time's cleansing fire
Has seared the cankered wounds of ancient feud,
And joined, 'neath loyalty's close-welding blows,
The war-rent land, from Durness' humblest byre
To sombre, romance-haunted Holyrood.

Visit to Scotland. 1842-1843

VII



IN Eros' labyrinthine courts,
where aye
Throng ceaselessly the swift
succeeding guests,
O'er every couple such enchant-
ment rests
It seems a tranquil solitude
where they
Alone in blissful isolation stray.
Delicious spell ! that wild'ringly attests
Love's lore of tricky cunning, while he vests
With such transcendent charm, the mortal clay,
It seems his very substance, and the twain,
In mingled homage, vassal each to each,
To his veiled power vicarious fealty own.
Here England's Queen kneels to her king, and fain
Would ever dwell within his realm, nor reach
For other glories than his heart enthrone.

In Arcady. 1843-1844

VIII



THWART the arching space
of heaven, belate,
The morning Twilight, idling,
felt the sting
Of Phoebus' lance; and as a
bird with wing
Pierced by some swift-spiced dart,
may palpitate
Long in the forest, so she lay. The implicate
Entwining boughs closed o'er her, prisoning
Her languid limbs, with many a close-meshed ring
Of lacing vines, and tendrils delicate.
There in the fastness of some highland wood
The royal lovers, straying, found the maid
And resting with her, soothed away her pain
With gentle touch and sweet solicitude,
Until at eve, refreshed and unafraid,
She spread her wings and skyward soared again.

In Arcady. 1844-1845

IX



DEEP dreamless hours in blissful
Arcady!
Where, under quivering boughs,
the glittering rain
Of love's down-pouring rays
engrains the plain;
While all across the dewy verdure
flee

And flit the phosphor fires of ecstasy.
Who 'neath such fadeless radiance has lain,
To watch the constant beams, nor wax, nor wane,
What need of orbing, less'ning moon has she?
Of fickle, faithless stars, that one by one
Desert the cloud-stormed citadel of night?
Nor cloud, nor storm, nor night can quench the glow
Of holy love; immortal effluence spun
From filmy fancies to such flawless light
As from Empyreal orbs alone can flow.

In Arcady. 1845-1846

X



EXCLUSIVE, as some half-
 forgotten air,
 A timid visitant that oft-
 times sighs
 On memory's threshold,
 though afar it flies
 When wide we fling the
 portal, are the fair
 Unstable joys of life. Yet to this pair,
 Blest of the gods, grave Clotho nought denies,
 But swiftly, evenly, the distaff plies,
 Spinning the rose-hued threads to texture rare,
 As Lachesis twists, twining in the strand,
 The gleaming argent of bright, childish smiles,
 And Iris-tinted pleasures, power and state.
 E'en palsy-shaken Atropos, her hand
 Restrains in ruth: so true love oft beguiles
 To tenderness, the arbiters of fate.

In Arcady. 1846-1847

XI



ICANNOT tell you how I love
you, dear,
But when you come the place is
sudden filled
With undefined light, like sun-
shine spilled
From out a rifted cloud. When
you are near
No night is dark, no clouded day is drear,
But ev'ry hour is to sweet uses willed.
My world becomes a cloister, hushed and stilled
To vesper quiet, where my thoughts appear
Like veiled nuns chanting the "Magnificat,
Anima mea," oh my love! but thee,
With worship single as thy merits are,
From thy pressed palms such strange peace thrills through me
As blest my childish prayers, and from afar
I feel the unvoiced "Benedicite."

The Queen to Her King. 1847-1848

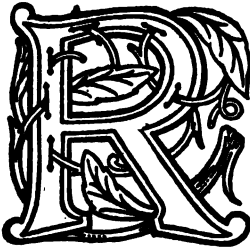
XII



RAND, lonely, sombre, seems
some storm-girt height
To him who, journeying o'er
a lowland plain,
Views, through the slanting
bars of distant rain,
Its peaks abrupt, round which
Jove's flashing light
Plays ceaselessly. Yet, ere another night,
When high o'er verdured slopes to nature's fane,
By pleasant paths, his eager steps attain,
Within the nave of arching trees, he quite
Forgets his awe, in reverence. My own!
So I, beneath the veil of royalty,
Have found the holy temple of thy soul,
Where sinless thoughts, like acolytes intone
The cadenced offices in ministry
To him, who wears love's consecrated stole."

The Reply. 1848-1849

XIII



ARE Prince ! Thine were a calm
and ordered mind,
A tranquil soul, a heart whose
rhythmic beat
Was timed to constancy's set
metre, sweet
Though grave. This equal trin-
ity combined

To form thy virile character, refined
By courtly grace to chivalry's complete
And realized ideal. Though the heat
Of fervent zeal for all that helps mankind,
For England's honour, and for England's queen,
Infused thy breast, it harboured not a thought
Of selfish, base ambition. Thine the free,
Unbiased counsels, passionless, serene,
That with Victoria's rare wisdom wrought
The present weal, the glory yet to be.

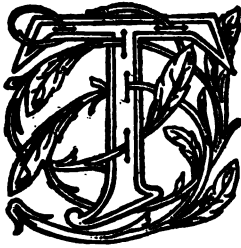
To Prince Albert. 1849-1850

XIV



S o'er the war-worn world soft-
pinioned Peace
Broods, ever lightly poised,
with restless wing
Half stretched as if for flight,
should faintest sting
Of Discord's poisoned lance
her plumage crease ;
England would, undisturbed, prolong her lease
Of nesting time, that softly fluttering
Unfledged delights, her quick'ning warmth may bring
To such maturity that their increase
May fill and bless the earth. So, rev'rently
She rears unto her heavenly visitor
An altar glowing with exotics rare,
And lights, and gifts from far across the sea,
Where all men, joined in homage, worship her
Who crowns with blessing e'en unanswered prayer.
Opening of the Crystal Palace. 1850-1851

XV



**HIS is a rare pavilion for the
tryst
Of majesty and simple joy,
hung o'er
And tapestried with Tyrian
from the store
Of lavish Nature. Here as
soft as list,**

**In dyes of varied violets, the mist
Droops like an arras to the purple floor,
Where gem-like gleam, the heather fronds strewn o'er,
Sarama's tears all turned to amethyst.
So glow with royalty's own hues the heights
And glens of bonny Scotland, where love's nest
Hangs like an eyrie underneath the dome
Of shelt'ring skies. Here sweet content invites
The queen and her loved lord to calmly rest
And prove the satisfying charms of home.**

Building of Balmoral. 1851-1852

XVI



DN London's vast cathedral,
hoar with rime
Of fateful centuries, a nation's
debt
Is paid in honours, tears and
vain regret
For him, whose fame shall be
the peer of Time.

As from the huddling sands the white shores climb
To rugged promontories, bulwarks set
Round Albion's coast, to break the jarring fret
Of restless seas, so rose his will sublime,
His purpose pure and steadfast. From those rocks
Recoiled to shattered spray, in impotence,
The mighty wave evolved from the abyss
Of fathomless ambition. Such power mocks
The angry tides of anarch insolence,
That, round the strength of nations, seethe and hiss.

Death of the Duke of Wellington. 1852-1853

XVII



GAIN war's clamour startled,
to swift flight,
The gentle spirit who, so long
at rest,
Dwelt in the land, a loved
and welcome guest.
From the envenomed East,
the home of blight

And treachery, the fierce, ensanguined light,
Of ruthless carnage, roused the slumb'ring West,
Till, forth she sent her legions, o'er the crest
Of wild, encircling waves, to curb his might,
And humble him, who scrupled not to kill
The weak and helpless, yet to cloak his guilt,
Plead holy zeal for truth, and the pure cause
Of Christ, the Merciful. Britannia still
To honour true, grasped the sword's blood-stained hilt,
Avenging Justice, and her outraged laws.

War with Russia. 1853-1854

XVIII



UIVERS my harp, as tense-
drawn lute strings do,
Half audibly vibrating to the
roll
Of thrilling harmonies wrought
in the soul
Of some enthusiast, who earth-
ward drew

Celestial choirs, and bade their chords, anew,
Pulse from the deep-toned organ, to extol
The deeds of heroes, or bewail the dole
Of nations. Even yet, resounding through
The long receding aisle of arching years,
Peals clear the master's mighty requiem.
He sang the glory of the deathless dead
So wondrously, so tenderly, with tears
And grief and triumph blended, that for them
My faint lament is music echoéd.

Battle of Balaklava. 1854-1855

XIX



UNTIL the queen come monarchs
grave, perplexed
By questions intricate, for
counsels sage,
As erst in Greece, while yet
her golden age
Of fame was orbing, thronging
to the blest

Mysterious shrine at Delphi, eager pressed
The multitude; King, Conqueror or Mage
Seeking for light upon some ciphered page,
That from the future's tome they fain would wrest
And read untimely. Weightier oracles,
From Pythian sybil's frenzied lips than fell,
Are those the calm-browed priestess of divine
Athené frames. No selfish passion dulls
Her quick perceptions, so no words excel
In pregnant thought her judgments keen and fine.

Visit of Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel. 1855-1856

XX



EVEN while clouds are tem-
pest-driven afar
Across the darkened sky,
while lightnings play
In blinding flashes, and the
deaf'ning fray
Of rolling thunder breaks
with hideous jar
Upon the awe-wrought nerves; an azure bar
Of tranquil sky, near the horizon, may
Still hold, a little space, the fading day
Upon its shield, till Vesper's pallid star
Floats slowly upward. Every wind that blew
Across the southern ocean, bore war's mad,
Fierce tidings, yet this year was blest withal,
When gentle Beatrice was born to woo
The queen from anxious thoughts before the sad,
Dark night of grief, spread its all-shrouding pall.
Birth of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice. 1856-1857

XXI



ENGLAND, e'en yet, bewails
her martyred dead,
Whose holy, guiltless blood's
deep crimson dye
Stained the white lintels o'er
the portals high
Of Liberty's unentered temple,
shed

Upon its very threshold. Thence it plead
With mute insistence, to the Empyry,
Piercing the ear of Justice with a cry,
Voiceless but potent, till swift Victory sped
To crown the English standards. Sacrifice
Of pure atonement, such as consecrate
All noble issues, was that holocaust
Of agonized innocence, the price
Of blood paid for the ransom of a state;
Pure as the Christ's, without which, Heaven were lost.

Massacre of Cawnpore. 1857-1858

XXII



NEVER since Clive, in Arcot's
crucial fire,
Purged from his god-like soul
all alloy base
Of human lust for power, of
greed for place,
Until it whitely glowed with
hot desire

That England's strength should draw from the foul mire
Of tyranny, a great but trampled race,
Had her sun of wise rule sought to efface
From India the shadow of empire,
Time-sanctioned through long centuries of crime
And slavery to custom. The fierce storm,
Brewed of mad fear, by its own force so cleared
The air, that high in heaven that disk sublime,
Dispelling every cloud or shade with warm
Creative heat, unveiled, for aye appeared.

India transferred to the Crown. 1858-1859

XXIII



H perfect years! twin decades
of delight,
That rest upon the depths of
memory
Girt by the past's steep, path-
less walls that she
May nevermore descend, but,
from whose height
May mark them flit, in varying shade and light,
Upon the wide, calm pool, as oft we see
The slow winged herons droop majestically
From far unfolding space, in pulseless flight
Down to a mountain tarn, sunk midst a space
Of circling precipices, stark and blank.
No veiling mists of Time obscure from view
Those years, whose dawning, full-orbed, passing grace
Her soul so loved that from the present's bank,
In dreams she sinks and floats with them anew.

Twenty years married. 1859-1860

XXIV



IND England's love no votive
taper, hung
Before thy shrine throughout a
day's short space ;
Nor blue smoke curling towards
the holy place,
From the low flame in silver
censer swung,
To mark an hour's worship. Faint among
The glowing lights of feasts and holy days,
Its spark burned dimly ; but when darkness stays
And all is still, the evening office sung,
Joy's vot'ries gone, and down the ghostly line
Of lancelike windows slowly fades the light ;
Thy people's love, a sanctuary lamp,
With soft, unchanging radiance shall shine,
The while thine altar, through the lonely night,
Is veiled by sorrow's vapours, bleak and damp.

Death of the Queen's mother. 1860-1861

XXV



OD only, in His deep com-
passion, healed
Her wounds, who, from such
dizzy heights of bliss,
Fell to the deepest slough of
grief's abyss.
To Him her cruel agony
appealed,

Till, in His wondrous love, He stood revealed,
As only unto those who humbly kiss
His chast'ning rod. He spread, to cicatrice
Her fevered wounds, a cooling balm, the yield
Of prayer and deep desire to leave undone
No task or plan, dear to the selfless heart
Of her lost consort. Thus she nerved her will
Obedient to her people's need. Rare one!
In all thy line's long chronicle, thou art
In love, in grief, in courage, matchless still.

Death of H.R.H. Prince Albert. 1861-1862

XXVI



ANG soft the wedding bells,
as when the air,
Upon some Sabbath eve, is
thick with rain
And far away and faint, the
deadened strain
Of vesper chime falls plain-
tively. As fair

As faith's bright rainbow arching grief's despair
With hope; or as the light that, o'er the plain
Of midnight skies, streams from the icy main
Round Denmark's farthest isles; to England's heir
Came Alexandra, radiant and young
As fadeless Freya, whose fresh loveliness
Made the short summer of the northern years.
Though, with the pain of bliss recalled new wrung,
The Queen's heart bled, she raised her head to bless
Her children's joy and smiled amid her tears.

Marriage of H.R.H. Prince of Wales. 1862-1863

XXVII



YES (whose deep wells of
patient calm are fed
By streams, that slowly filter
purified
Through cleansing sands of
resignation; tide,
Whose changeless source finds
a far fountain head

On sorrow's snow-crowned heights, shadowless spread
Beneath Heaven's thawing beams, that far and wide
Across their isolation changeless glide),
Unto your swollen lids cling tear-drops, freed
By sympathy's mild warmth, the while you con
Grief's tender idyl of pure love and loss;
The simple annals of those lonely years
Wherein the Queen, by thorn-strewn stages, won
Treading the blist'ring roadway of the cross,
To calm endurance of life's pain and fears.

Suggested by "More Leaves." 1863-1864

XXVIII



CROSS the Western wave,
all Europe hears,
In silent horror, borne the
mighty wail
Of a great nation's travail.
When the veil
Of discord's womb was rent,
and 'mid the tears
And sobs of agony, mingled with cheers
Of joy and thankfulness, that blending hail
The natal hour of peace; men shudd'ring quail
At Treachery's fierce cry, who darkly smears,
With Cain's red brand, war's honest, unshamed front.
Of this new birth of liberty the sire,
Like Christ's faint type, Prometheus, loving well
Mankind, long proved the pain of malice' blunt,
Unsated beak. The Titan drew Heaven's fire
To earth, but Lincoln raised a race from hell.

Death of Abraham Lincoln. 1864-1865

XXIX



HE mournful, lagging months
so slowly flee,
They seem, of years, a very
passion week
Through which her soul, in
desolation meek,
Has trod the via crucis,
wearily,

From station unto station. Slowly she
Has trailed her sombre vestments down the bleak,
Cold isles of circumstance, that spot to seek
Where life's sole bliss hung crucified. If he
But for one hour, might step across the bourne
Of silence, touch her hand, some low words say
Breathing of hope and consolation, all
The world would seem a joyful Easter morn
While with his voice "Regina lactare!"
The Paschal Angelus in peace would fall.

Suggested by "More Leaves." 1865-1866

XXX



BRINDING, with shortened links,
the cable strong
Of England's power, round all of
English blood,
Far scattered o'er the deeps
whose shoreward flood
Bears from the utmost earth her
children's song
Of loyalty. From reefs where days are long,
'Neath tropic suns, or where the bright stars stud
A night of changeful moons, her vessels scud
Back to her open ports, to join the throng
That press against her wharves. Man's genius bade
The Asian floods roll through the eastern gates,
Unlocked the portals of God's barricade
'Twixt sea and sea, and thereby wrought the glad
And mighty union of far severed states,
On Britain's strength irrevocably stayed.

Opening of the Suez Canal. 1866-1867

XXXI



EPRINT of outward excel-
lence, alone,
Yet mystically, sacramental
ties
Between the past and coming
years, arise
The statues of earth's heroes.
The cold stone,

Or mute, insensate bronze is overgrown
With such a vine of tangled memories,
Of noble thoughts, pure impulses, and wise
Achievement, that man's spirit falleth, prone,
In rev'rence of the virtue typified.
Your claim to honour from an age to be
Will strengthen with still length'ning lapse of time,
Great Prince! who fostered Peace, till multiplied
Art, wisdom, science, her great progeny,
Shall rise in might and break the power of crime.

Unveiling of H. R. H. Prince Albert's Statue. 1867-1868

XXXII

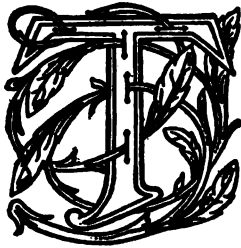


N cool, refreshing glades
beneath the trees,
O'er crag and eyrie, high-
land and wild glen
Reliving her lost years
with him, again
She wanders, wrapt in
tender reveries;

Hearing his voice borne on the waking breeze,
Or fancying his step falls lightly when
Some slight twig crackles suddenly, and then
Is lonelier as the pain-wrought phantasies
Resolve into the silence whence they came.
Mnemosyne! thy holiest, fairest shrines
Are those where nature and simplicity
Feed, with pure oils, the aromatic flame
Of constancy, that on thine altar shines,
Through days and nights, clear and unceasingly.

Suggested by "More Leaves." 1868-1869

XXXIII



HOUGH love were dumb,
still had it eloquence
Rarer than that of words. Not
from the tongue
Out flows best, all its story,
though 't were hung
Tuneful as chiming temple
bells ; not thence

Its tender tones ring truest, with intense
Deep earnestness, for lightest thoughts are strung
Upon the thread of phraséd speech. O, young
And happy lover, though, from the defense
Of modest lips, her vows steal timidly,
Unto the language of her soul thine ear
Is swift, and nought its keen sensation dulls :
A trembling sigh betrays her ecstasy,
A blush, a touch speaks rapture clarion clear,
For voiceless signs are aye truth's oracles.

Betrothal of H. R. H. the Princess Louise. 1869-1870

XXXIV



H CÆSAR! France! had she
but rendered you!—
Only the penny bearing your
impress
In honest tribute to your king-
liness,
She still had kept your favour;
but she threw

Her life's whole treasure freely as 'twere due,
Within your coffers. Her sad lips confess
Through sobs, her fault. To God belonged th' excess
She gave. Not hers the gold, but for a true
And faithful use 'twas lent. Now, lovingly,
Within the shelter of His holy place
He leads the gentle penitent, in sweet
And loving pity, while, ungratefully,
You stand apart with cold, averted face
And trample all her glory 'neath your feet.

Flight of the Empress Eugenie. 1870-1871

XXXV



ON the mere name of Holy-
rood there lies
A magical enchantment, to
arouse
The ardent chivalry of youth.
Sweet brows,
That found the crown too
heavy, lovely eyes,
That still through centuries, from romance' skies,
Shine like twin stars, your sadness so endows
Beauty with mystery, that as we drowse
O'er history's dim page from Paradise,
Your old sweet spell of fascination falls.
What Mary touched, the faded tapestry,
That once beneath her nimble needle glowed
Her trinkets, all are sacred, and these walls
Blackened and scarred by age, seem but to be
The roughened shell, wherein a pearl abode.

Suggested by "More Leaves." 1871-1872

XXXVI



O more the earnest voice of
him who trod
The footsteps of his Master
e'er will send
Kind words of comfort to a
grieving friend.
His eyes are looking on the
face of God,
He hears the welcome, sees th' approving nod
That stamps his work "Well done!" who to the end
Bore patiently the cross, strove to extend
The confines of Christ's earthly kingdom. Shod
With simple faith he walked above the waves
Of unbelief and sin, with steadfast gaze
Fixed on the Saviour's face, yet stooping oft
With the strong grasp of holy love that saves,
Some weak and drowning sufferer to raise,
Till death's strong pinions bore his soul aloft.

Suggested by "More Leaves." 1872-1873

XXXVII



LL accident and disap-
pointment be
But artisans or architects
sublime,
Who slowly, on the cen-
otaph of Time,
Range sad event and
seeming casualty,

In just relation to the symmetry
Limned in the intricate but grand design,
Lay stone on stone, till they with all combine
Into the perfect whole our eyes shall see
When, from eternity's far vantage height,
Its marvellous proportions now concealed
By their immensity, we clearly view.
Then shall this block, so dull with loss, be bright
With tracery of brilliant names, revealed
Upon the polished shaft, in varied hue.

Death of Many Noted Men. 1873-1874

XXXVIII



EVER before, had Russia's
eagles met
The gaunt, lithe leopards on a
bloodless field,
Till love so quartered them upon
the shield
Of heraldry; its glories boldly
set

Against the lofty outer parapet
Of Hymen's fairy palace. There revealed
To curious eyes, an augury they yield,
With cabalistic symbols interfret,
Of that great day of peace so long deferred,
When lamb and lion shall lie side by side
In pleasant meadows; when the longed-for birth
Of the new reign of God's most holy Word
Shall hatred, war, and malice over-ride,
And love, eternal love, shall rule the earth.

Marriage of H.R.H. Duke of Edinburgh. 1874-1875

XXXIX



DESERVINGLY, the Queen
her people's praise
And truest love has won, who,
tenderly,
How e'er so mean or lowly
their degree,
Stoops to their needs, when in
the darkened ways

Of life they, wandering, meet her gentle gaze
Bent on their grief with loving sympathy,
Knowing her heart aches for their agony.
And as she soothes, with kindly word and phrase,
Some aching heart whose only treasure lies
Hidden, the grass-meshed, humble mound, below ;
Whose joy is buried with the well loved dead ;
Beneath her lids they see the tear drops rise,
And feel her pain, the while she murmurs low,
" It is but for a time, be comforted."

Suggested by " More Leaves." 1875-1876

XL



ISSUE of power ! immortal
Wisdom ! sprung,
New clad with strength, from
turmoil riven thought,
Diffuse the lustre from thy
flame enwrought
Ægis, of tempered liberty,
among

I nert and wearied nations, tortured, stung,
Made weak by tyranny, till the long sought
Palladium brought release. That vict'ry fraught
E ffigy, Britain bears, where e'er are hung
R ound vassal thrones, the ensigns of her might,
A nd, from the convex mirror of its shield,
Through error's blackest shades, without decrease,
Reflected shines the vitalizing light,
I ntense, as when o'er Calvary first revealed,
X t's mercy-tempered justice, and His peace.

Acrostic "Indæ Imperatrix." 1876-1877

XLI



OUND Cyprus' shores, Brit-
annia's fleets are moored,
While curling waves caress
their guardian prow,
As once they laved the fragile,
pearly bows
Of Aphrodite's cradling shell.
Inured

To tyranny and shame, so long endured
'Neath Asian rule, to register their vows
And gratitude to Heaven, her men arouse,
From anxious fears by England reassured.
When with uneager counsels, threatened war
In the strong leash of honourable peace
Was bound, fair Cyprus was resigned to her,
Who held it feoff when Cœur de Lion bore
The English standards o'er the southern seas,
With hope to save the Holy Sepulchre.

Cyprus ceded to England. 1877-1878

XLII.



VER death's watchful angels,
shrouded, cower
Beyond the heavy curtain,
loosely swung
Across the future's open door-
way, 'mong
Its waving folds secreted, till
the hour

When, suddenly, one stands revealed in power,
And with the wondrous magic of its tongue
Woos to immortal life some soul, still young,
As sunlight draws the moisture from a flower.
Sweet English Alice! who to Paradise,
With homesick tears still heavy on your lids,
Like dew upon a broken lily, passed,
It may be that your spiritual eyes
Now gaze upon your father's face, who bids
You rest within his loving arms at last.

Death of H.R.H. Princess Alice. 1878-1879

XLIII



LIKE one who dries her own sad
tears, to aid
With kind unselfishness, a
sufferer
Less used to grief; most gentle
comforter!
Though in woe's sombre garments
still arrayed,

Thyself, through some sequestered Scottish glade,
In fancy we may see thee walk with her
Whose wondrous, radiant youth and beauty were
The glory of all France. Now in the shade
Of sorrow's gloomy courts, unlightened save
By the deep sympathy that from your eyes
Beams constantly, with broken heart she weeps,
Widowed, dethroned and lonely, o'er the grave,
Green 'neath the tearlike dews of English skies,
Where her sole hope in dreamless quiet sleeps.

Death of the Prince Imperial. 1879-1880

XLIV



“FTER life's fitful fever he
sleeps well!”

Who loved his country, la-
boured for his Queen,
Bore honour and defeat
with equal mien

Of dignity and courage.

While the spell

Of his rare eloquence o'er England fell,
While yet his smoothly polished blade of keen
Invective pierced the superficial sheen
Of fallacy's weak, gilded mail; the knell
Of days accomplished, summoned him afar
From court and earthly parliament, to those
High councils of the just made blest. His grave
Is sweet with primrose blooms, beneath the star
Of his still waxing fame, that brightly glows
Above a land he would have died to save.

Death of Lord Beaconsfield. 1880-1881

XLV



NEVER on England's sod, plain,
vale or hill,
The venomous, soft hissing ser-
pent brood
Of anarchy has trailed its slime.
No wood,
Or fen so dismal, that its damps
distill

The poison dew, whereof such monsters fill
Themselves and thrive. When on her shores intrude
Their snaky forms, by subtle arts subdued,
About the charmed Caducean wand of will
She twines them lithely, and displays them there,
In token of Hermean power. She stands
Guardian of commerce, sets the boundary
Twixt state and kingdom, and, beyond compare,
Most prosperous of nations, to all lands
Proves by her strength, "The bond alone are free!"

Assassination of the Czar of Russia. 1881-1882

XLVI



DEAR hands! so powerful, and
yet so white
And womanly, that never to a
line
Unjust or base, have set the
lawful sign
Of royal sanction; that within
their slight,
Soft palms have held all treasures that invite
Youth's ardour to ambition, or the whine
Of envy, aye all passions that combine
To spur man to success, found space to write,
Though cumbered by an empire's cares, a word,
In echo of your Master's praise of true
And honest stewardship. Each phrase serene,
Rebukes the pride that holds all gifts conferred
By humble love, as service paid and due,
Shamed by the gratitude of England's Queen.
Suggested by the closing lines of "More Leaves." 1882-1883

XLVII



'EN while beneath our fin-
gers swell the chords
Of life's grand anthem ; while
about us stand
The trained and sympathetic
little band
Of choristers, whose blended
strains, outpoured
In harmony, so wondrously accord ;
It may be, one rare singer from his hand,
Oppressed by the close organ-loft's unfanned
And stifling heat, drops his sweet score and toward
The outer air is fainting borne, then strange
Seems all the melody, and incomplete.
Our anxious thoughts would lead us where he lies,
But we must play our part from change to change,
Till, the song service done, that voice shall greet
Us, with familiar tones, to Paradise.

Death of Prince Leopold. 1883-1884

XLVIII



MARTYR to duty! worthily the
crown

Of martyrdom was his, who
to that goal

Bore on the blameless scutcheon
of his soul

The cross of his dear Saviour
whose renown,

Whose glory, weighed his mind's nice balance down

Till vanity, by God's breath from the bowl

Of the light scale was blown. Nothing of dole

Is there in death like this, though grave brows frown

At the rank treachery that wrought the doom.

Such lives and their fruition are the sign

That holiness' immortal ichor flows

Yet purely from the roots of truth, to bloom

In beauty on the widely branching vine

Whose first strong shoots in Bethlehem uprose.

Death of General Gordon. 1884-1885

XLIX



BEATRICE lingered for thy coming,
fondly bent
Above thy cradle, blessed thy
forehead white,
Then towards the spheréd moon
winged her swift flight.
Her handmaid, ever more thy
life was vowed

To her sweet services. When sorrow's cloud
Swept suddenly across the perfect night,
Eclipsing all its stars, the only light
To cheer the way was thy child smile. Endowed
With the rare gift of silent sympathy,
The melancholy queen found the cool touch
Of healing in the pressure of thy kiss.
Thine own young heart has known her agony,
Since at thy side he stood who loved thee much,
Yet left thee lonely, gentle Beatrice.

Death of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Battenburg. 1885-1886

L



LIGHTLY the Queen has honoured him, whose verse
So honoured her, that none who sing are heard
More clearly than a piping meadow-bird,
While the glad carol of the lark, immerse

In heaven, still floats to earth. 'Twas he who erst
The coy, sweet muse of poetry so stirred,
That, charmed, she ever hung upon his word
Enamoured, whisp'ring phrases quaint and terse,
Kissing his eyes till wondrous fancies crept
Beneath the ivory lids. She tried the strings
Of light and air, and harmony, till all
Rang true. The whole wide universe she kept
Attune for him, and then, with folded wings,
Dreamed with his dreams, or wakened at his call.

Tennyson created a Peer. 1886-1887

LI



ENGLAND exults in honour to a Queen,
Beneath whose wise, Saturnian rule the state,
Through half a century, has waxed so great,
Whose very name an earnest, aye, has been
Of victories that girdled all the green-
Zoned earth with English homes; and now, elate
With thankful joy, she would propitiate,
By royal pageantries, those powers unseen
Who frame the patents of all destinies;
That if e'er touched by human sympathy,
Or, moved, they mark a nation's gratitude,
In gage thereof, to her blest ministries
They set a distant omega. Long be
Thy glorious reign, "Victoria the good!"

Golden Jubilee. 1887-1888

LII



SORROW'S soft sandals ever
at the hem
Of joy's long, trailing festal
garments tread,
With the glad songs of praise
now blends o'erhead
This plaintive minor strain: "Dear
mother, stem
My grief's wild tide. Like you, the diadem
Of Empire I have worn, and now fate's dread,
Immutable decrees above it spread
The widow's veil, enshrouding every gem
Beneath its sombre folds. You, whose kind eyes
So oft, so sadly weep, oh! comfort me,
Who never, till at this stern hour's behest
I waked to vision clear, could realize
Your life's long martyrdom, and tenderly
Soothe me, as when a child, upon your breast."

Death of the Emperor Frederick of Germany. 1888-1889

LIII



ERENEST splendour fills the
quiet days
Of life's calm Autumn, while, with
laden hands,
Beneath the sunset hues of eve,
she stands,
Glory enwreathed about her like
the haze

Of Indian Summer. Every season's phase
Of beauty charms us; when with varied bands
Of sprouting green, Spring streaks the meadow lands;
When lovely languid Summer idling strays
Along the poppy reddened paths, yet each
Is perfect only as the harvest proves
Its promise. England, her vast storehouse piles
With fruit of this long reign, whose bounties plead
Round sun-bathed trellises, 'neath which still moves
The Queen, like Ceres, blessing where she smiles.

To the Queen. 1889-1890

LIV



VER the shifting sea, of man's
unrest,
Swiftly, the tireless Present
lightly skims,
Toward the shadowy, undefined
rims
Of life and death. Her low-poised
wings and breast,
Are flecked with spray, flung upward from the crest
Of deed and purpose. It begems or dims
Their plumage, as a crystal mirror limns,
Through changing atmospheres the hues impressed
Upon its tiny globe. When, at the far
Horizon's undulating line, she shakes
The moisture from her pinions, light winds bear
Its lustrate drops, o'er myriad isles that star
The deep, to fill some inland pool where slakes
Its thirst, a future age, yet nesting there.

Suggested by the Labour Agitations. 1890-1891

LV



OR him whose roseleaf touch
 first stirred the deep
 And wondrous springs of mother
 love, fast flow
 The tears of her who ne'er, since
 long ago
 When life's first lullaby soothed
 to death's sleep
 A blessing disallowed, had bowed to weep
 O'er one of her own children lying low
 And silently upon the bier. None know,
 Till o'er their lives the self-same shadows creep,
 The hopeless anguish of those souls that stand
 Mourning like Rachel for a first-born, lone,
 Uncomforted, apart from all joy's grace.
 God! touch her eyes, that she, among the band
 Of happy saints may see him near the throne,
 With those who, pure in heart, behold Thy face.
 Death of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. 1891-1892

LVI



ON eyes, whose depths are chal-
ices brimmed o'er
With holy tears, grief's conse-
crated wine,
Offered, in sacrifice, before the
shrine
Of Death, the ministering years
aye pour

New liquors from Fate's presses, from a store
Exhaustless as life's mysteries. The sign
Of inward grace, by which the Lord divine
Has stamped His Sacraments forevermore,
He sets on sorrow's sacred offices.
No voice has oftener intoned their chants,
Than thine, Victoria! whom husband, child,
And friend, have left in weary loneliness;
Though oft times from the shadowy path, that slants
Twixt earth and Heaven, they turned to thee and smiled.
To the Queen. 1892-1893

LVII



NOW that the dusk of eve has
hushed the lays
That, in the sunlit morning of
her reign,
In tuneful chorus swelled the
glad refrain,
From golden poet-throats out-
poured, in praise
Of Albion's new crowned queen; through the dim haze
Of Autumn twilight one delicious strain
Of that rare harmony still floats. Again
Its rhythmic beauty haunts the prayers men raise
For those who kneel before the sacred shrine
To breathe their marriage vows. While we recall
A hope fulfilled, from rev'rent hearts we pray:
"The blessings happy peasants have, be thine
Oh crownéd Queen!" and as she proved them all
Life's purest joys, may you, sweet English May!
Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of York. 1893-1894

LVIII



DAWN of a glorious century,
the beams
Of thine unrisen splendour
are new spilled,
Through eve's long afterglow
with sunshine filled,
As, under Arctic skies, one
day but dreams

Upon the bosom of the next, while streams
The light of noon. Thy first faint rays distilled
Through mystery's slow lifting vapours, gild
An aureole, about the head that gleams,
In frolic playfulness, among the flower-
Grown glades of childhood ; whose sweet eyes may see
Thy future glory's unrevealed increase,
Whose valour lead all Britain at the hour
Of Armagheddon, or whose ministry
May dedicate " The thousand years of peace."

Birth of Prince Edward of York. 1894-1895

LIX



DEAL Monarch! prudent,
self-contained,
In all life's various attitudes
serene
And dignified, thy reign's long
scroll has been
The fairest page of history,
unstained

By faintest blot of shame. Thy will restrained,
Thy truth, thy justice, ever prone to lean
Towards pleading Mercy, make thee such a Queen,
That to the present's chorused praise unfeigned,
The age to come will voice, Amen! in clear-
Toned thankfulness for broader liberty,
In homage to thine heirs, the throne, the state,
Beneath thy mild yet virile rule, each year
Grown firmer in the people's will, who see
And cherish power so tempered, wise, and great.
To the Queen. 1895-1896

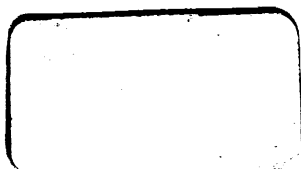
LX



S, through the beadsman's fin-
gers, slips the strand,
L oose held, of prayer's grace-
giving gems, while he,
Bowed in rapt vision o'er
each mystery,
E xhales his fervent soul's
wreathed incense, and
R eiterates, half consciously, the grand
T riumphant words of praise; so rev'rently,
V oiced o'er this linked sonnet rosary,
I s loyalty's grave "Ave." In her hand,
C aressing, long she holds this last carved bead,
T raced with their monograph, whose spotless fame
O 'erreached the stature of all simile;
R epeating still, as in th' initial creed,
I nviolat faith in her, whose reign and name
A re honour's, love's, truth's full epitome.

Acrostic, Albert, Victoria. 1896-1897

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